

life to pain. Soon the darkness and pain of our lives will be covered by the velvet door on the hillsides, all our scars will be hidden by the softening mass that will grow on our marble slabs.

In heaven "there will be no more pain;" we stand on the verge of Time and throw back the door of futurity and what rapture bursts on our view. There stand the martyrs, the blood washed, the redeemed. All cares, burdens, pains, gone forever. Above them is a flashing arch upon which we see written, "These are they which came out of great tribulation, and have washed their robes, and made them white in the blood of the Lamb." There they stand on the "sea of glass," freed from ill health, from penury and want, from frozen nights, and persecution. No bruised and bleeding feet will touch the "gold paved streets." We'll see no floating crape, there will be no rattle of cemetery gates, no damp, dark graves. No last lingering grasp, no last fond kiss, no quivering lips as tearful farewells. Don't give up, brother and sister, though the road may be strewn with briars and thistles and thorns, but let us all press on to join the great home circle that will never break up in that city whose walls shine like gold, and where no mists of separation ever rise from the crystal sea.

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PRAYER

D. E. RONK

Prayer is the Christian's means of talking with God. How thankful we should be that God gives us this means of comfort. Without prayer what would a Christian's life be? Or could there be such a thing as a Christian that don't pray?

When our hearts are burdened with the troubles of this life and it seems we are forsaken, what a blessed privilege to go to the Lord in prayer and cast our burdens on him. Prayer to the soul is what life is to the body. Paul in his epistle to the Thessalonians requests that they pray without ceasing. At first thought this may seem impossible, but we are at all times liable to sin and should ever be ready to ask forgiveness. We need not at all times speak so loud that others may hear, for Christ can and will hear us and promises to reward us openly if prayer is blended with faith. Prayer without faith is like a body without life. Turn to your Bible and read the triumphs of prayer which in many instances were very short but were acceptable to God.

As we go on unto perfection we advance only as we learn to trust God and asking him for daily help, confessing our weakness. Some may never have learned that prayer is the brightest jewel in the Christian life. It helps us on to see things more perfectly that to us have

been dark. Prayer should be the watchman at the door of our hearts, not allowing anything evil to enter therein. We should not only pray for ourselves, but also for one another as taught in James 5:16.

Christ tells us to love our enemies if we are so unfortunate to have any. This is a hard thing to do, but if we have such faith as Christ intended we should have, it will seem a small thing to do. How many, like Stephen, when being stoned to death by a mob of furious men, could call upon God to forgive them? Yet this is the spirit of Christ, and the servant is not greater than his lord.

Turlock, Calif.

MYSTERY

G. A. RUFF

Mystery is a profound secret, something wholly unknown, something kept cautiously concealed, and therefore exciting curiosity or wonder. It is beyond human comprehension. The future is a mystery. Our condition in the great beyond is so much of a mystery to us that we are daily concerned wondering why God in his economy of divine providence is not willing to reveal to man his future destiny. And of all the mysteries man is most concerned about is his soul and body. For the body will surely die; so much is certain. What lies beyond? No one who passes the charmed boundary, comes back to tell. The imagination visits the realm of shadows—sent out from some window in the soul over life's restless waters, but wings its way wearily back, with an olive leaf in its beak as a token of emerging life beyond the closely bending horizon. The great sun comes and goes in the heaven, yet breathes no secret of the ethereal wilderness. The crescent moon cleaves her mighty passage across the upper deep, but tosses overboard no message and displays no signals. The sentinel stars challenge each other as they walk their mighty rounds, but we catch no syllable of their consign which gives passage to the heavenly camp. Between this and the other life is a great gulf fixed, across which neither eye nor foot can travel. The gentle friends, whose eyes we closed in their last sleep long years ago, died with rapture in their words—stricken eyes, a smile of ineffable joy upon their lips, and hands folded over a triumphant heart, but their lips were past speech, and intimated nothing of the vision that enthralled them. Mystery, forever a mystery!

North Georgetown, O.

Terse Truths

We learn to rule by serving.
Worth is wrought by work.
Heroes are not afraid to fail.
Promptness pays double dividends.
Opportunities are the voice of God.
Manliness is not measured by muscle.—*Forward*.

Home Circle

THE BOY

When you hear a fearful racket,
Like a miniature cyclone,
With some sounds so strange that surely
Their like was never known,
While the mother listens calmly,
Even with a smiling face,
You may know that it is nothing
But the boy about the place.

When there's famine in the cupboard,
And the milk-pail soon runs dry,
And you can't keep pies or cookies,
No matter how you try;
When you vainly seek for apples
That have gone and left no trace,
Hard times is not the trouble—
There's a boy about the place.

When there's sawdust on the carpet,
And some shavings on the beds,
When the rugs are tossed in corners,
And your chairs stand on their heads;
While, if a tool you're needing, you
All 'round the house must race—
You may know he's making something,
Is the boy about the place.

When the house is full of sunshine
On the darkest kind of day,
And you have to laugh at seeing
Some outlandish, boyish play,
And when eyes so bright and loving
Oft are raised to meet your face,
You will pray, I know, "God bless him—
Bless our boy about the place!"

—Selected.

TEACHING POLITENESS

A mother noticed a remarkable change in the deportment of her six-year-old son. From being rough, noisy and discourteous, he had suddenly become one of the gentlest and most considerate little fellows in the world. He was attending the kindergarden, and his mother naturally inferred the change was somehow due to his teacher's instruction.

"Miss Smith teaches you to be polite?" she remarked in a tone of interrogation.

"No," said the boy, "she never says a word about it."

The mother was puzzled, and all the more when further questioning brought only more emphatic denials that the teacher had ever given her pupils lessons in good breeding.

"We'll then," the mother asked, finally, "if Miss Smith doesn't say anything, what does she do?"

"She doesn't do anything," persisted the boy. "She just walks around, and we feel polite. We feel just as polite as—anything."

That was all he could tell about it, and his mother began to see through the mystery.—*Educational News*.

A LITTLE BOY'S WARNING

A child's voice is often more powerful than a man's; and a warning which might cause resentment if given by a man may be heeded when uttered by the lips of a child.

Kate Renel tells in the *Good Templar* of a "little boy who was walking along the street when he saw a nice-looking man turn to go into a saloon. Now this little boy had a very nice mamma who had taught him